

The Distressed Shepherd ; Or, Joy after Sorrow.

To a Pleasant New Tune.



I Am a poor shepherd undone,
And cannot be cured by art ;
For a nymph as bright as the sun,
Has stolen away my heart.
And how to get it again,
There's none but she can tell,
To cure me of my pain,
By saying she loves me well.

*And alas ! poor shepherd,
Alas ! and a-well-a-day,
Before I was in love,
Oh ! every month was May.*

The nymph has a million of charms,
Most lovely to behold ;
I'd rather have her in my arms,
Than glittering crowns of gold.
The blessing I mayn't enjoy,
Which causes me to complain ;
For I'm in Cupid's decoy,
And cannot get out again.
And alas ! poor shepherd, &c.

The violent pains of love,
There's no body knows but I.
In courting the powers above,

To let me live ; for why
No pleasure nor rest I have,
No happiness can I see ;
But when I am in the grave,
From Fetters I shall be free.
And alas ! poor shepherd, &c.

Then my innocent flocks I fed,
Along by the silver streams,
On rushes I laid my head,
Possessed with golden dreams.
And every sweet delight,
Most pleasing to my eye ;
But now I am ruin'd quite,
I know not the reason why.
And alas ! poor shepherd, &c.

If to love she should not incline,
I told her I'd die in an hout,
To die, said she, 'tis thine ;
But to love 'tis not in my Power.
I ask'd her the reason why
She could not of me approve ;
She said 'twas a task too hard,
To give any reason for love.
And alas ! poor shepherd, &c.

She ask'd me of my estate,
I told her a flock of sheep ;
The grass whereon they graze,
Where she and I might sleep.
Besides a good ten pounds,
In old King Harry's groats,
With hooks and crooks abound,
And Birds of sundry notes.
And alas ! poor shepherd, &c.

But shepherd, one word by the way,
If I to love you should yield ;
I think you are pleased to say,
That we must lie in the field :
I am sorry to hear it, alas !
I'm sure my charms it will kill ;
So if we must lie on the grass,
You ne'er shall gain my good will.
And alas ! poor shepherd, &c.

We shepherds admire no beds,
Our valleys well may suffice ;
The canopy over our heads,
My dear, are the spangled skies.
Our musick is bleating of sheep,
And rustling bows of trees.
So while in these vallies we sleep,
We shall not be troubl'd with fleas.
And alas ! poor shepherd, &c.

Ten pounds in King Harry's old groats,
Well, shepherd, if that be true,
I think I shall not make aughts
Of such a fine lover as you,
My lodging I'll not despise ;
Whatever I said excuse.
For she that is truly wise,
Will not a good match refuse.

Then cheer up, dear shepherd,
I'll no longer say thee nay ;
Thou shalt bathe in the charms of love,
And flourish like blossoms in May.

Sold in Bow Church-yard, London.